

## Revenge

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Summary: A story I wrote for a class about blair getting her revenge

## Revenge

"Blair, Blair, It's time to wake up"

Blair removes her silk eye mask to reveal the most beautiful room, in the city. A raised bed made for a Queen, White drapes cover the city, and a painting what makes the Mona Lisa look like amateur work.

"Dorota, I will be down in a minute for breakfast"

Her voice comes out like silk. Blair sits up and looks at the picture perfect view of the city. Yellow taxi cabs scatter across the city in a race. People hurry to work trying not to be late. Tourist stop and stare at the city's building. She takes a deep breath, before putting her dainty feet on the flurly carpet. She gather some clothing for a room the size of most people's room. She picks a sweater the color of coffee with two creams and one sugar, and jewels around the neckline. She picks out a pair of dark jeans, that could have been painted on, and a pair of riding boots that are worth more than most people whole shoe collection. Blair turns on the shower letting each water drop hit her body, the steam of the shower filled up the mirrors.

She turns of the water and wraps herself in a towel. She sits down on her vanity and flicks on the lights, brighter than Broadway they shine. Foundation, concealer, highlighter, blush, bronzer, powder, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick. She blow dries her thick brown hair straight; so not a hair is out of place. She continues to get dressed insuring not a wrinkle can be seen. Blair looks in the mirror one final time, before leaving her room. In the kitchen, a croissant from her favorite bakery, and fresh fruit sits on a granite countertop, just waiting for her. Blair sits down and picks at her breakfast, watching Dorota clean up.

"What do you have planned today, Blair?"

"Oh, nothing much, just taking back New York."

"What time will you be back?"

"Late"

With that Blair gets up and leaves. She gets in the elevator and goes to ground floor. As she steps out of the elevator everyone stops and stares at her. She gives them a small smile as she says bye for the day. Outside of the building the wind blows her hair. She pushes it back and looks both ways, not to cross street, but to find someone. Blair finds them and smiles, before turning and walking away. They catch up in no time at all.

"Good morning Nate, How are you?"

Blair does not bother making eye contact.

"So, B, what do we have planned today"

"I, Blair, am planning to ruin Jenny's life"

"What did Rosie ever do to you?"

Blair gives a fake smile to a passing girl.

"She has done a lot of horrible things and needs to be stopped."

She turns towards Nate, as he gives her a very questioning look.

"Plus she kissed Percy, last night"

Percy is Blair's newly ex-boyfriend. They had dated for six months before last night. They never really like each, they just looked pretty standing next to each. Like a pair of models. After about ten blocks, Blair puts her hand out in front of Nate's chest.

"Stop"

He looks up, then back at her.

"We are at goodwill, you know that is a thrift shop right."

Nate asks thinking Blair has gone crazy.

"This is part one of three. A few weeks ago, Dorota told me she was going to take my old clothes down to the thrift shop; normally I do not go because I won't be around the poor; since I was bored, and everyone was out of town, I went. I know, I know, it is gross, but I did it anyway. Well, when I was there, I saw Jenny, WORKING!"

"So, people are age work all the time"

"Yeah, but this is different she is always bragging about being rich and I guess it's all a lie. I just need one photo"

Together they pop in the store, they stick out like a sore thumb, in their designer clothing searching up and down the aisles looking for Jenny. After ten minutes, they finally find her sorting clothes. Blair turns to twitter\_ do not forget donate your old clothes to people in need! goodwill. \_She adds the photo she just took to the tweet. Chuckling to herself she says

"Let's get out of here, it's gross"

They leave the store arm in arm, walking to their next destination. They see a few people they know, but don't bother saying anything. They walk down a few blocks and a one creepy back path, until they reach it.

"A dry cleaners what could you possibly be doing here?"

Nate asks not knowing if he wants to know.

"We are picking up a dress for the Carpenter's ball tonight"

"Let me guess, it's not yours"

He shakes his head. Blair signature smile forms on her face. A smile that says you don't know me and you never will. She opens a door and a rush of old Chinese food and a cleaning agents attacks her nose. Holding her breath she manages to say.

"Hello, I am picking up a dress for Jenny"

The lady pounds in a few letters at the keyboard then runs to get a dress. She quickly returned with a dress, Labeled Jenny . Blair grabs the dress says thank you and leave the store with Nate. It was a gorgeous dress orange like a sunset. It had a sweeping back with three little flowers on the bottom. I didn't take Blair long to find the dumpster and throw it away.

"WHAT WAS THAT FOR?!"

Nate says knowing he shouldn't be surprised.

"The same thing this whole thing is dedicated for"

She says wiping her hand together

"To get back at Jenny. Come on"

Blair starts to walk the next place, isn't far. One block away, was part one of the final plan, the biggest plan, the meanest plan of the day.

Blair leads Nate into a GNC.

"Nate this the part where actually come in handy to do as I say."

Shaking his head he mutters

"I'm not sure about this"

He looks at the laxatives in her hand

"You just have to put this in her drink, I will distract her"

He shakes his head no

"Great! I'll see you at six" Blair gives him a kiss on the cheek. Just a friendly one.

They left. Going their separate ways. Blair gets home and gets ready for the dance at six. She does a great smokey eye, what could make any makeup artist cry. She slips on her red dress fits her like a glove. The hugs every little bump in her body but she still looks amazing, somehow. She puts on a pair of super high heels what would make anyone fall over in second but somehow like a model she's able to walk. She adds a pair of diamond and a few bracelets to finish off the look. At 6 o'clock, she's down to in the lobby. A limo sits there waiting for her arrival. The driver opens the back door to her in. Inside the car is Nate looking dashing in his tux.

"Are you ready for this?"

She gives him the smile. The same smile she's been giving all day. The limo pulled up to a building about 45 New York minutes away (20 real minutes). The outside of the building was old. Not the dusty, grimy old, but the beautiful, classy old. Like a castle it stood tall. The side of the building was the opposite, it was crisp clean and modern. The two friends walk in hand in hand. The eyes of the party turn to them. People look them they were royalty. People say hello to them, but they keep their eyes on the prize. Well, Blair does at least. Percy approaches Blair, he grabs her nimble arm.

"I am so sorry for everything that has happened, can we please talk, let's talk"

She looks him, up and down.

"Uh, no thanks"

She pulls free and continues with her. She joins Nate in talking with Jenny. Blair is sure to give fake smiles all around. They talk about everything except last night.

"How about a cheers?" Blair proposes, giving a drink to Nate, Jenny and herself.

"To friendship"

They all take a sip, together.

After talking for a little, Jenny slips away for the conversation. As soon Jenny is out of an ear shot. Blair turns to Nate

"She is such a..."

"...You had the wrong drink!" Nate cuts her off.

Blair feels her stomach.

"Uh, oh I don't feel well."

End  
file.